Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefitted,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That bearest a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noiseleese
Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnesse

To

To let these hands obey my
They are apt enough to dis
Thy flesh and bones, how e
A womans shape doth shiel

Gon. Marry your man-ho

Enter

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, t
his seruant, going to put ou

Alb. Glosters eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he br
Oppos'd against the acte, b
To his great master, who th
Flew on him, and amongst
But not without that harm
Which since hath pluckt hi

Alb. This shewes you ar
That these our neather crim
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, lost

Gent. Both, both my Lor
Answer, tis from your sister

Gon. One way I like this w
But being widow, and my
May all the building on my
Vpon my hatefull life, anoth
Ile reade and answer.

Alb. Where was his sonn

Gent. Come with my La

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord

Alb. Knowes he the wick

Gent. I my good Lord, tw
And quit the house on purp
Might haue the freer course

Alb. Gloceſter, I liue to tha
Thou shewedst the King, an

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